

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Cowper.

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Our Dumb Animals

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THE PRISONER'S SPIDER.

* * * Christian II, King of Denmark, in the year 1532, was placed in the tower at Sonderburg, whose rocky walls were washed by the ocean waves. There the king spent seventeen years in solitary confinement. Day and night the voice of his lamentation was heard, and the wild bursts of despair penetrated through the gloomy tower. There was nothing in his cell but a stone table, around which, driven by rage and anguish, he ran incessantly, drawing his thumb-nail over the slab, until a deep furrow was found in it. * * * His wife, who loved him tenderly, and had faithfully shared his fate, was dead, his children were separated from him, and no one was allowed to look upon the face of the captive prince but an unfeeling jailer who feasted his eyes on the tortures of the once powerful ruler. Had Christian still worn his golden crown, this man would have bowed humbly at his feet, and obeyed his lightest word; but now, when the unfortunate monarch had fallen from his high place, he tormented him in every possible way. He suffered him to hunger and thirst, and to all his questions made but this one reply: "The council has commanded that no one shall speak to you."

So the king lay in a living grave. He heard nothing from the outer world but the roaring of the sea, as the waves dashed against the tower. He could not look out, for the little grated windows were much too high. The hollow echo of the dreary apartment alone gave answer to his complaints. * * *

"Almighty God!" he murmured, wringing his hands, "let me not despair. I do not demand my crown, but give me one friend, a being who shall feel sympathy and compassion for me, a being who knows and loves me."

But when he opened his eyes—alas! no friend stood by his couch—but a spider hung from the roof, on its silken thread, just before his face.

King Christian looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, and then a sudden consolation came over his saddened heart.

"Is it thou?" he cried, "art thou the friend whom Heaven has sent to me? Then be thou welcome! Be my companion, listen to my complaints, love me, and I will love thee, whatever form thou bearest. Oh, be true to me, forsake me not, whom all men have forsaken."

From that day the prisoner formed a bond of friendship with the spider. When he called it came down from the roof, crawled upon his hand, and listened to his words for hours. The solitude was no longer so terrible to him. His mind was soothed; he believed that Heaven had heard his prayer, and mercifully sent him a being that showed its good will so plainly, and a grateful feeling arose, a feeling of hope that he was not forgotten, not utterly forsaken by Heaven, even as he was on earth.

The jailer soon noticed that the king's suffering was less agonizing. He no longer heard curses or cries of despair, and was enraged thereby. At length he discovered the cause, and one day he saw the spider come down from the roof to the arm of the prisoner. He suddenly sprang forward, threw it upon the ground, and, crushing it with his foot, cried scornfully,—

"Away with the vermin! no living creature but yourself can dwell in this tower."

King Christian uttered a cry of distress, and strove to rescue his poor companion, but it was too late. Then furious rage at the baseness of the keeper took possession of him; he rushed upon him, threw him down, and would have strangled him, if the guard had not hastened to his rescue.

After that the doors of the tower were closed up, and the food of the king was let down to him by a cord. Long years passed away, and at length he was treated more mildly. He was allowed to go out, for he was old and feeble, and desired nothing but death. But he often spoke with tears of emotion of the friendship of his spider, of the comfort its presence had given him, of its attachment and its sense, and of the despairing sorrow which the cruel jailer had inflicted upon him by its death. "Alas!" he cried, "this man

has heaped many sufferings upon me; I forgive him all—but I cannot forgive him for the murder of my only friend."—From the *Cherub*.

ANECDOTE OF A PET DOVE.

The river Neva, on the banks and islands of which the city of St. Petersburg is built, often rises suddenly on the breaking up of the ice in spring. Much peril consequently overtakes those whose homesteads are near enough to the river's banks to be endangered by the overwhelming force of the torrent, as well as by those floating blocks of ice whose destructive power is irresistible. During one of these sudden and terrific inundations, a striking incident was related to me as received from the truthful lips of an eyewitness. In one of the small tenements on the lower banks of the river, a lovely, fair-haired girl, about eight or nine years old, dwelt with her parents, who were workers in hemp and flax. The child's greatest earthly treasure was a beautiful little dove, rescued from the hands of the destroyer, who had rudely torn away the parent bird from the nest; thus it had been nestled in her bosom and fed from her lips, and they became almost inseparable companions, except when the little Hilda accompanied her parents to church, or to market with their home-spun goods, when, for greater safety, the bird was suspended from the ceiling in its quaint wicker dwelling, to await, with a flutter of delight, the little maid's returning footsteps; then the door of the cage was thrown open, and the dove flew joyfully to its usual perch or resting place on Hilda's shoulder. Such possibly might have been their mutual position when the rush and roar of waters suddenly swept over their little dwelling, the force of the destructive element leaving no time for flight or escape in any shape. The child was soon seen struggling in the wild whirl of waters, whilst the dove, with expanded wings, (which instinct would have taught her to use for flight and safety,) hovered over her little protectress, fluttering around her with inexpressible alarm, now perching on her head or breast when she rose to the surface, and with her little beak making vain efforts to rescue the floating locks of silk-like hair borne backwards and forwards by the eddies of the torrent. When the fair young head was again engulfed, the dove plunged into the swelling waves after it, then rose with it again, until, nature's struggles exhausted, the loving little head, and the wet and weary wing, sunk, never to rise again, in the overwhelming waters!—*La Vicomtesse Salgé de St. Jean*.

FOUNTAIN OF THE SPARROWS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I sit in the window and look out on a little fountain. The thing is not specially fine. Three shells, lifted about three feet above the ground, catch the little threads of water that spring from the figure of a little child just above them. The overflow falls into a broad and shallow circle on the level of the ground. In the daytime one can hear no sound of water. At night, when all is still and the air moist, a faint, musical ticking of water pleases the ear.

It is not the beauty of the figures that attracts my eye, nor the play of water, which is, as a spectacle, quite insignificant; nor the amusement which a neighbor's little girl takes in the matter, though that is pleasing. It is the joy which all the English sparrows in the neighborhood take in this fountain that delights us. They have not the least doubt that it was established for them, and that it belongs to them. No doubt they frame arguments to that effect from design and adaptation. "For what but sparrow baths were these three shells placed here? They are too shallow for any other creature, and just deep enough for sparrows. The fine streams of water that play into them are not large enough for man or beast, and are most admirable for sprinkling birds. There is clear evidence that they were placed there expressly for us!"

The sparrow faith is evinced by their works. From early morning until dark there is hardly a moment without a half dozen birds, and often ten and fifteen may be seen on the rims together, sipping the grateful beverage, exchanging remarks upon the weather, or criticising each other's plumage, chirping, coquetting, and in all ways showing, *a la* Darwin, that they are on the way up toward human nature, and have reached some of the germs of it.

But did you ever see a bird wash itself? * * * First you see, glancing through the air, the vigorous little fellow, and alighting on the edge of the tank, whose bottom, fortunately, slopes at such an angle as to give very shallow water near the edges.

First he takes a drink. He likes it so well that he takes another. Hops a few steps, turns round, flies to the other side of the rim, and sips again.

Then he wades in half an inch deep; cocks his eye to see if man or cat is prowling near, or hideous boys with wicked sticks. No; all is safe. He drops his head, and by a jerking motion he catches up upon his head and neck a spoonful of water, which he throws over on his back. The touch exhilarates him. He stoops, and opening his breast feathers he flirts the water all through them. He ducks quite under, and emerges in such a way as to let the water flow down his back. He hops upon the rim, but has not quite satisfied himself, and turns back for another good splash. Who can describe the shudder which runs through his feathers, as now he sits upon the edge of the fountain and whirls off the petty drops of moisture from his whole body!

But it is too public to make his toilet here. He flies towards the trees in the street, but is tempted by the iron fence as a half-way house. He turns round once or twice, straightens out one or two feathers, and then springs off into the air, and betakes himself to a hiding of leaves in the tree, and then plumes himself with the comb which every bird carries in his mouth.

It pays one a hundred fold to prepare a little fountain for the birds. If one has an eye for such things he may sit for hours at the window, especially if the day be sultry, or himself an invalid, and find charming pastime in the bath of birds.—*New York Ledger*.

"THE horse that frets, is the horse that sweats," is an old saying of horsemen, and it is just as true of men as of horses. The man that allows himself to get irritated at every little thing that goes amiss in his business, or in the ordinary affairs of life, is a man that, as a rule, will accomplish little and wear out early. He is a man for whom bile and dyspepsia have a particular fondness, and for whom children have a particular aversion. He is a man with a perpetual thorn in his flesh, which pricks and wounds at the slightest movement; a man for whom life has little pleasure, and the future small hope.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Last night I sat beside the pane
And heard across the mist of rain
The wild birds twitter low,
And thought how soon the leafy nest,
Now warm with little speckled breasts,
Would be filled full of snow.

I saw the withered wet leaves fall,
And cried, God shield and save ye all,
Black birds, and blue, and brown;
And all ye tribes of noisy things,
With linings on your ashen wings
Soft as the thistle's down.

And ye with top-knots on your heads
Of crimson grains or scarlet reds,
And tongues so wild and loud;
God save, I said, in kindest care,
Seeing ye drift along the air
Like some bright sunset cloud.

And ye in gray and russet suits,
And ye with ruffles all in flutes
About your necks ashine;
When April sends her lamps of dew,
To light the darkened daisies through,
God fetch ye, darlings, mine!

And ye with tuneful, tender throats,
And ye with white and spotless coats,
And ye that hold in scorn
Soft music, and while summer gleams
Sit by your doubles in the streams,
Snapping your bills of horn.

And let what will my life befall,
I still shall love and need ye all;
Nor can my heart make choice,
Or hold the nightingale preferred
Above the cuckoo, less a bird,
Than "just a wandering voice."

Therefore, I pray, and can but pray,
Lord keep, and bring them back when May
Shall come with shining train,
Thick brodered with leaves of wheat,
And butterflies and field-pinks sweet,
And yellow bees and rain.

Yes, bring them back across the seas
In clouds of golden witnesses,
The grand, the grave, the gay;
And if Thy holy will it be,
Keep me alive once more to see
The glad and glorious day.

"FRANK" TOOK THE RIGHT TRAIN.—A Marshfield (Mo.) dog had been decoyed to and chained at Springfield (Mo.) by some teamsters.

Mr. Abbott, the owner, hearing of the whereabouts of his missing dog, sent word immediately to Springfield to release him, which was accordingly done. "Frank" at once made straight for the depot, and patiently remained there until train time. This fact was particularly noticed by the railroad employees at that place.

After waiting there for several hours, two trains came thundering along, one bound east, the other west. Frank's tail now gave evidence of unbounded joy, and without going through with the usual ceremony at the ticket office jumped aboard of the eastern-bound train, determined to 'deadhead' it if possible. Upon arrival at Marshfield, without making any inquiries as to what place it was, he bounded off the train, and made his way home, seemingly 'the happiest dog alive.' What makes it remarkable is the fact that he came alone, and was the only passenger that got off the train at this point, and that he should get on the right train at Springfield, even when the western-bound train started a few minutes before the eastern. We hear his master intends to appoint him as travelling agent. He is now being trained for that purpose.—*Marshfield Citizen*.

A boys' paper in Boston advises the humane society to arrest all persons in the city who bottle catsup.

KINDNESS TO THE BRUTE CREATION.

While so much is said of the duty of humanity to the brute creation, perhaps the most effectual way of teaching is by interesting the young, and old as well, in their individual traits. A recent paper tells of an inhuman beating given by a young man to a fine Newfoundland, because he took the liberty of a bath, a desire as natural to him as for a man to drain a cup of water when parched with thirst.

Living, in my girlhood, on a fifty-acre farm, of course there were plenty of animals, and all were treated kindly. The herd of cows came gladly at the bidding of the owner. On one occasion the said owner, being in a neighbor's barn, noticed that when each cow passed the threshold it was received with a blow. Soon after, at milking time, the neighbor returned the visit, and remarked upon the docility of the herd. "It is because they are never struck and have nothing to fear," was the explanation.

The pigeons, whose home was the same ample barn, would fly out to meet their master, light on his head and shoulders, and hop about his feet. The cat, whose services were confined to the same barn, would climb to her master's shoulders and sit there, contented with an occasional lap upon his ear.

The master and mistress were one night awakened by their Newfoundland dog travelling around their chamber, and ordered him out. He obeyed, but soon returned and repeated his visit several times. Impatient at last with these continued interruptions to sleep, his mistress rose and followed him to the entry where as is common in country houses, the principal door was on the side. The door stood partly open and he could not shut it. His mat was before it, but he could not rest and leave the door unfastened. When all was made right he betook himself to quiet sleep and so remained until morning.

It is a fact evident to any one who has tried the experiment, or seen it tried, that kindness brings out intelligence and all the valuable traits of animals; and shall we not include the human animal in the category? Even swine feel the influence and show the effect of persistent kindness. I have seen the mother of a promising family of little "porkers" almost frantic at the approach of a stranger, but endure with evident pleasure the handling of her little ones by the person who had her in his kindly charge. Even that poor despised animal said as plainly as acts could speak, "I know my friend."

Kindness to animals is, like charity, its own reward. The birds will come to our dwellings for the daily largess of a few crumbs. Shall not bird, beast and each living thing be numbered among "these my little ones"?—*Transcript*.

CAN ANIMALS GENERALIZE.—Rev. Charles D. Nott, of St. Louis, sends to the "Independent" this story. A former pastor of mine told me the following: When a boy he had a fox, which I regret to say, bore the reputation of possessing far more brain than personal piety. This fox was kept in the yard in a sort of a raised den, nicely sodded over, and was confined by a chain that allowed quite a generous circumference. One evening, in the fall, the farm wagon, returning from the field with a load of corn, passed near the den, and by chance dropped an ear where the fox could reach it. He was seen to spring out, seize the corn and carry it quickly back into the den. What he wanted with it was a mystery, as corn formed no part of the gentleman's diet. The next morning, however, the mystery was solved, for the fox was observed, out of his den, and considerably within the length of his chain, nibbling off some of the corn and scattering it about in full view of the poultry, after which he took the remainder back into his den and awaited events. Sure enough, the chickens came; and while eating, out sprang the fox, nabbed his man, and quickly took his breakfast in his back parlor. Now it seems to me that this is pretty good "generalizing." The fox may not have reasoned upon the most sublime theme imaginable. But if he didn't evolve that chicken out of the depths of his own consciousness, then there is no such a thing as logic.

MARK TWAIN'S NAG.—I have a horse by the name of Jericho. I have seen remarkable horses before but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and this fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it was correct, I have the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes to with the utmost impartiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it is now, I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always, it would become monotonous after awhile. The creature shies at everything he has seen to-day except a hay-stack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill any one with admiration to see how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley-sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day. He is not particularly fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down on it too hard some time or other, and has to fight flies with his heels. This is all very well, but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much of a variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs, too. I do not care particularly about this—only I do not like to see a horse too sociable.—*The Innocents Abroad.*

A DOG'S "GOOD MORNING."—Next to a merry child, we do not know so good and healthy a companion for a melancholic man as a dog. He does not call over the roll of your ailments with dolorous intonation, nursing and petting them by recital, nor does he anger you by combating your splenetic fancies. He just ignores them so innocently that you ignore them too. See what a delicious good morning he has ready for you. How he leaps upon you, and sprinkles you all over with cool fragrant dew, which he has brushed from lilacs and violet borders! How his eyes flash, and his tail wags like an excited pendulum, as he winds up his welcome with a series of acrobatic somersets.

Now if such a greeting as that will not flash a vivid beam among the *noirs vapeurs* of your brain, and make you feel that life is dear, and a pleasant thing it is to see the sun, you may as well make your will, and pull your hypochondriac nightcap over your eyes for all time.

When you remember that the good fellow will have just such a welcome ready for all the household, as they successively appear, does he not amply pay for his board by getting the day under way so heartily and hilariously, and by oiling the family machinery, which is so apt to creak in the shivery morning hours?—*Every Saturday.*

THE CAT'S FIRE-ALARM.—A short time since a favorite cat was left in the editor's sitting-room, after all the family had retired, and was not heard of until twelve o'clock at night, when it set up a most outrageous caterwauling, arousing the editor and family from a sound slumber. The noise was continued for several minutes after he woke, and a family council was then and there held as to what was the matter with the cat. 'Twas a bitter cold night, and it was decided if the cat could stand it we could—for a while, at least. Just then the cat came directly to our bed-room door, and with renewed and terrific power, sent forth her yowls, accompanied by a scratching on the door. And thereupon our better half declared that she would arise and see what the cat wanted. She did so, while we stuck to our bed. Opening the door, she found the stove door wide open, a quantity of coal fallen out upon the zinc beneath the stove, the stove-pipe red hot, and the chimney on fire. Immediately on her coming out the cat became quiet and had nothing more to say. Proper measures were taken to avert the danger of the fire, which, we think, but for the cat's alarm, would have occurred. Can a cat reason? We say yes, and our boy Dan's cat can out-reason any other cat in the State.—*Pike Co. (Ill) Democrat.*

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Addressed to two Swallows that flew into Chauncy Place Church during divine service.

BY CHARLES SPRAAGUE.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.—*Transcript.*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE ANIMALS.—Among the many facts which evidence the progress of Christianity, not the least is the establishment of societies whose object is to protect dumb animals from the cruelty of man. Christ's religion begins and ends in love. This is its omnipresent principle. And as that religion has gathered strength, it has steadily extended this principle of kindness from man to man, from class to class, from race to race, until it has included "all the nations of the earth" in the kinship and affection of "one blood." But it has not stopped there. It has found too many intimations in the Word of God of His care for other orders of His creatures; it has found too many tender sentiments springing up in man's breast under the power of its influence to allow of its limiting its love and pity to the mere boundaries of the human race. And so Christianity is to-day ready to extend its compassions and sympathies to every creature of God which he has made susceptible to suffering. Let no one look at this as an inconsiderable thing. It is in the strict line of a true Christian advancement. The kindness which is now beginning to be given to the hitherto defenceless brute is the water-mark of our Christian civilization. * * * We have no doubt that every reader of ours is earnest for such a work. Men and women have only to look at this matter with any proper appreciation of its nature to feel within their hearts great indignations at the barbarities of men, great pities for the speechless brutes, great longings and prayers for so wide a sway of Christianity that even bird and beast shall know of its tenderness and love.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A DAUGHTER of Mr. John Fields, of St Albans, Vermont, entered her father's burning barn, and while the fire was dropping upon her head, burning it to a blister, released several head of cattle and three horses. She also wielded an axe with the strength of an athletic man, demolishing a hog-pen and driving the inmates from danger.

BATS ARE BENEFACTORS.

Among the prejudices cherished by the masses against harmless animals, few are stronger than that felt almost universally against bats, arising probably from the simple fact that they are children of the night, and forced to carry on their search after food in the darkness. It may be, however, that their peculiar hideousness has given additional strength to this feeling, for the Jewish legislation already declared them unclean and accursed, and the Greeks borrowed their wings for the harpies, as Christians have done for the devil. A poor, lost bat need but fly into a room filled with company, and everybody is frightened. Superstitious people tremble at their mere presence as an evil omen, and the strong-minded among the fair excuse their terror by a pretended fear for their hair—an apprehension which could be well founded only if the accounts of insects being harbored in their chignons should be verified. It is true these children of darkness are neither fair in form, nor amiable in temper. The naked, black skin of their wings, stretched out between enormously lengthened fingers, like the silk of an umbrella between the whalebone of the frame; the ugly claws of their hind feet; the bare appendages which frequently adorn their noses in a most eccentric manner; and their perfectly noiseless, almost mysterious flight by touch, and not by sight—all these peculiarities combine to make them unwelcome guests among men.

And yet they are real public benefactors. When the first warm sun of spring arouses them from their long winter sleep, which they enjoy, hanging by their hind feet, head down, and the whole body carefully wrapped up in the wide cloak of their wings, they begin their night hunts. A dozen fat beetles hardly suffice for the supper of a hungry member of one variety, and sixty to seventy house-flies of another kind. All night long they pursue with indefatigable energy every variety of beetle and moth, of fly and buff, and enjoy most of all those which do the greatest injury to our fruit-trees and cereals.—*Prof. De Vere in Appleton's Journal.*

HOW CALVES ARE CARRIED IN ENGLAND.—They are carried with their heads hanging down, that they may have no *point d'appui*, no resting-place for the head and neck; they are consequently altogether prevented from struggling, however painful their position may be. It is a very ingenious, although a horrible, contrivance, for they are as helpless and as still as if they were altogether without life, except that the head will be turned a wee wee bit, in order that they may gaze wistfully at the mother, who is sometimes following the cart, lowing mournfully, and miserable in a different way. In some parts of the country the legs are tied together, and the calves are on horseback for miles, with their heads hanging down, evidently suffering excessive pain, until the stupor, of which mention will immediately be made, succeeds.

The consequence of this pendent situation of the head must be that a great deal of blood will settle in or about the brain, and that there will be a horrible feeling of oppression and suffocation, which will gradually, and so far happily for them, degenerate into partial or almost complete unconsciousness; and thus many of them die. There is scarcely a market morning on which there are not six or eight dead calves thrown out of the carts. I saw seven dead calves lying together on the morning to which I refer. The living ones also are tumbled down with very little more ceremony than if they had no sense or feeling.—*Youatt.*

Will this description apply to any part of America?

—[Ed.]

A COMMON superstition charges cats with sucking the breath of infants, thereby causing their death by strangulation. This is a false accusation, as pussy's mouth is so formed anatomically that she would not be able to do so sanguinary a deed, did she wish it. Instances are on record where cats have crawled into a cradle or bed, and lain down on an infant's face, not, probably, with any criminal intent, though children have been found dead under such circumstances, but purely for the sake of the warmth of the infant's body and clothing.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, October, 1871.

"POOR OLD HORSE, LET HIM DIE."

Acting upon this sentiment, especially in view of the high price of hay, we have been giving special attention to old and disabled horses, with a view to releasing them from the burdens of a troubled life. A young, valuable and healthy horse can better endure poor feed and little of it, than an old and diseased one. But unfortunately the rule is reversed. When a horse is worn out with hard service and is of little value because he can earn but little, his owner is very apt to say, "I cannot afford to feed him well," and therefore barely keeps breath in his body. We propose to check this injustice, and in doing so we invite the owners of this class of nags to mercifully kill them, assuring them that fine and costs sum up more than the value of the animal.

Hardly a day passes that some poor horse, at our suggestion, does not find rest in death, or good food and "nothing to do," until he is restored to comparative soundness. Will our agents throughout the State look to this matter?

"WHAT HAS TO BE SUFFERED WE SHOULD BE WILLING TO KNOW," says a friend, in speaking of those persons who do not read our paper lest they might read something painful.

Yet we do avoid publishing much that is of this character. We have taken the pains to look over the paper for the past year and out of two hundred columns we found eight that might be called descriptions of cruel scenes.

But those whose sensitiveness shrinks from such reading must remember that a part of community can only be reached by such revelations, and our paper seeks to reach all and benefit all.

TO EXPRESSMEN.—It frequently happens that calves, swine and poultry are sent by express, and too often are crowded into so small a box or crate, that they can neither stand up or lie down comfortably, but must remain in a cramped and suffering position. It is the duty of expressmen to refuse to receive such, as they will be held responsible for the cruelty occasioned. It is bad enough for these animals to be deprived of food and water for a day or more during the transportation. It can be so arranged that they may have rest. See article on "Overcrowded Coops," in another column.

BOSTON REPORT ON BAD MEAT.—The report of a joint committee of the City Council has just been issued, and ought to be read by every citizen. It shows in how great a degree cruelty to the animal results in poisoning the community. We shall publish extracts from it in our next.

MR. BERGH'S APPEAL TO BUTCHERS has recently appeared, and we shall publish the substance of it next month. It ought to melt the heart of any man.

KILLING FISH.—It is said that the fishermen on the St. Lawrence, and on some of the lakes in Maine, have adopted the custom of killing fish as soon as caught by a blow upon the back of the head, or by severing the spine. It not only avoids a lingering death of the fish, but improves its quality very much.

ABOUT OUR FAIR.

1. It will be held in Boston during the two weeks after Thanksgiving.

2. It will be a State Fair.

3. One thousand ladies from all parts of the State have it in charge.

4. It will be peculiar, as there will be no lotteries, no "voting," and no goods sold on commission, and all at reasonable prices.

5. Contributions will not be confined to fancy goods and the usual articles found at fairs, but all classes of manufactured goods, and all products of the soil,—fruit and vegetables,—will be contributed, to be sold outside the Fair of course, but adding to the proceeds nevertheless.

6. Several invoices of Swiss and French goods, bought in Europe especially for this Fair, are already on the way.

7. Among other features will be an Art table, for the sale of paintings, chromos, engravings, statuary, &c.; a table for the sale of home-made pickles and preserves; a Fern and Moss table, and other peculiarities. A table for the sale of canary and other birds is proposed.

8. It has been suggested that all the tables be named after birds or other animals, which would be characteristic, considering the purposes of the Fair.

ONE THOUSAND LADIES.—Never before, in this or any other State, was there a Fair with a committee of one thousand ladies, and never before, we feel assured, was there a committee which excelled ours in character, standing and humanity. It is no wonder that it has been said, "I am proud to be associated with such a company."

What is most remarkable is the fact that, out of the whole number appointed, but three, so far, have been found who "took no interest in the subject."

NEW MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.—Additional names are constantly being received, and we hope soon to have every town represented. The following towns have as yet not responded:—

Acushnet, Agawam, Alford, Ashland, Becket, Berkeley, Berlin, Blackstone, Boxboro', Brimfield, Carver, Chelmsford, Cheshire, Chicopee, Chilmark, Clarksburg, Dartmouth, Dighton, Douglas, Dunstable, Easton, Essex, Everett, Florida, Freetown, Goshen, Gosnold, Granville, Groveland, Halifax, Hamilton, Hancock, Hawley, Heath, Holland, Holliston, Lakeville, Lanesboro', Lee, Leverett, Leyden, Ludlow, Middleton, Monroe, Montgomery, Mt. Washington, Needham, New Ashford, Newbury, North Reading, Northbridge, Otis, Palmer, Paxton, Peru, Plympton, Randolph, Reading, Rehoboth, Richmond, Rowe, Russell, Rutland, Salisbury, Seekonk, Shrewsbury, Southampton, Southwick, Stow, Swansea, Tewksbury, Tisbury, Tyngsboro', Washington, Wendell, Wenham, West Springfield, Westford, Westhampton, Williamstown, Wilmington, Wrentham.

Will friends immediately send us names for these places?

CORRECTIONS.—Doubtless, in publishing so large a list of names, errors have occurred. Will parties noticing such errors advise us, so that we can publish a corrected list before the Fair?

BOOTS, CORSETS AND CONDENSED MILK.—It is expected that each town in the Commonwealth will contribute from its various manufactures, and by this means a great variety will be secured.

One town has already promised boots, corsets and condensed milk, which will supply men, women and children with essential articles! If other towns do as well, no visitors to the Fair need go away till supplied with something to add to their health, their comfort or their gratification.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—Members of the General Committee, we trust, are now getting producers to pledge certain fruits, vegetables, grain, butter and cheese, eggs, poultry and other products, to be delivered at once, or later, as they desire.

The Executive Committee are prepared to receive and dispose of these articles at any time, or they may be sold at home and the proceeds reserved for the Fair.

FERN AND MOSS TABLE.—It is proposed to have at the Fair a table for the sale of green and pressed ferns, wood and sea mosses, and sea shells, dried grasses, autumn leaves, rustic work, and other articles of a kindred nature.

Members of the General Committee are requested to bear this class of articles in mind, in soliciting.

THE QUESTION, "Why do we want money?" was fully answered in our September paper, which we commend to the attention of our General Committee, to whom the question is often addressed.

MANUFACTURERS, CONTRIBUTE.—The General Committee can ask all the manufacturers in their several towns to give from their stock of boots and shoes, cotton and woollen goods, clothing, iron work, agricultural implements,—in fact, everything that will sell out of the Fair as well as in.

GENERAL ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE FAIR.—If all signs do not fail, our Fair will be a decided success. From various parts of the State we hear the Committee are at work. We cannot particularize other than to say that public meetings have been held in Lawrence, Quincy, Newburyport, and very likely in other places. In some localities the Committee have organized for work; in others they are working separately.

In Walpole, a society has been formed to forward the interest and work of the Fair, with the following officers: *President*, Mrs. Heman R. Timlow; *Vice-President*, Miss Mary Plimpton; *Treasurer*, Miss Fannie N. Bird; *Secretary*, Miss Lizzie H. Robbins; *Committee on General Work*: Mrs. Bradford Lewis, Mrs. John Tilton, Miss Hannah Plimpton, Miss Della Kendall.

We hope all members of the Committee will keep us advised of their progress. It will greatly assist the Executive Committee.

THE Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in England, has three hundred life members and two thousand annual members, and last year expended fifty thousand dollars.

Now is the time to repair your barns, to avoid complaints for deficient shelter. Think about water in your stable or barn-yard.

BUFFALO.

SERMON IN BEHALF OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The religious centre of attraction, last evening, was Dr. Lord's (Central Presbyterian) Church. On the platform were Rev. Drs. Heacock and Lord, Rev. Mr. Fletcher, E. S. Kingsley, Esq., President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and others. From fifteen hundred to two thousand persons assembled to hear Rev. D. H. Muller, Pastor of Grace Methodist Church, make a "Plea for the Dumb Brute." The sermon was delivered in the speaker's church a few weeks since, and so highly pleased was the society, as were all those who heard it, that he was requested to repeat it. The audience last evening was composed of our best citizens, intelligent and refined, who listened attentively to the earnest and eloquent preacher. The speaker was in one of his happiest moods, and the effect of his remarks will be abiding. The sermon was based on Proverbs xii. 10: "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." A definition of a righteous man furnished the introduction, and the considerations for a righteous man so acting toward the lower creatures, were tersely and comprehensively argued. The great reason for justice toward the brute was found in the relation and reciprocal influence and duties of the series of creation. The relations of the lower creatures to inanimate nature; of the lower creatures to each other; of these to man, were clearly presented. God gave the animal creation to man for his comfort. They recognized the kindness of man, and their helpfulness, &c., made it their right to expect kind treatment. The cruelty of man could only be prevented by right education and prohibition. The latter can be accomplished by organized means, and this society steps forward equipped for the work. The society needs sympathy—because it does a necessary work, for man's body. Ill health is caused by cruelty, and hindrance to work is the result of ill health. Poisoned meat is caused by cruelty to cattle. Numerous illustrations were given. The society does a social, moral and philanthropic work. To know that sights of cruelty to animals are debasing and demoralizing; that pain in the animal is the same terrible agony it is in man; that education in humaneness is elevating, and to receive pleasure by an enlarged sympathy with all of God's creation is truest progress—are sufficient motives to make the community identified with this society. We barely give an outline of the discourse, which was heard with great satisfaction by the audience. We trust the society will have a deeper place in the appreciation and hearts of the people, than it has ever enjoyed.—*Buffalo Advertiser*.

FORTRESS MONROE—A lady correspondent of the "Traveller" thus writes:—Of the curious vehicles, carrying loads of luscious fruits, of cows *versus* horses, and rough coarse ropes in lieu of bits and reins!

Oh I longed for my certificate indicating membership in the S. F. P. O. C. T. A., of which the wingless Boston Angell is President! How utterly subdued and powerless I was—for I hadn't it along with me and could not satisfy my friends of my right to interfere. A poor, skinny cow, pulling to the market a fat man and a load of vegetables sufficient for a Faneuil Hall stall. Come with me to Hampton, Mr. Fay, and let us make for the friendless cow of Virginia!

MR. BERGH has been appointed Sanitary Inspector without salary, with special power to investigate the condition of the horse and cow stables in New York.

ENGLISH BOOKS—Among the most attractive books for children are "Our Four-footed Friends," "Animal Sagacity," "Our Dumb Companions," and others, published by Partridge & Co., London, and for sale by our booksellers. We hope to have an assortment of them for sale at our Fair. From these, many of the cuts are taken which appear in our "Children's Department."

THE STORK OF LUCERNE—A.D. 1613.

[Translated from the German for "Our Dumb Animals."]

What means the wild tumult, the hurrying crowd,
Some sudden danger revealing!
Hark! a blast from the fire-horn long and loud,
From the neighboring town is pealing.
Up and down the long street is echoed the cry,
Of fire—and fire the summits reply.

The smoke in a rushing, whirling cloud,
Ascending shrouds the gable,
And the daring and impetuous crowd,
Hurry on with the noise of Babel,
The falling brands little heeding, when
They can rescue the lives and goods of men.

But what is that white and fluttering form
So anxiously hovering, drooping,
Where the smoke is thickest and fiercest the storm,
Of sparks it comes down swooping?
'Tis the stork, who danger and death will brave,
Her trembling young from the flames to save.

And pity seizes the multitude,
And all with vain endeavor
Seek to frighten the bird from her nest and brood
With shouts and stones, but whenever
With helpless young was a mother known,
If their life was in peril, to spare her own?

And hotter and fiercer and far aloft
The flames are soaring and flaring;
She heeds not the missiles, repeated oft,
Nor gables together crashing:
The crowd may shout and the flames may roar,
She clings to and covers her nest the more.

But Holy Virgin! a youthful form
Thro' the smoke is seen ascending,
In the thickest part of the fiery storm,
Where the rafters are impending;
Impelled by his brave and tender heart
He seems of the glowing flames a part.

A trembling prayer—"May his zeal be blest!"
Then a louder shout elateful—
For he holds aloft the rescued nest,
And the mother follows it grateful;
From the burning ladder he springs to the ground
And the jubilate multitude circle him round.

And wherever he wandered through the land,
A blessing, warm and human,
He met, in the hearty grasp of man,
And the loving looks of woman;
If a king for these had offered a throne,
A smile would have been his reply alone.

The story has long in books been known,
And the noble deed applauded;
But the hero's name I grieve to own,
Has never yet been recorded;
But tho' unnamed and unknown here,
The recording angel holds it dear.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.—Otherwise called the stormy petrel, are sea-birds, dark-colored, and about the size of a swallow.

A vessel was once wrecked near the Bahama Islands, and only one person was saved out of the passengers and crew, and that person was a woman who had lost her husband and child.

The people treated her very kindly, but she was very much grieved at her loss. She lived in an old tower near the sea, and she used to sit nearly all day long on a high cliff and play with the petrels.

She got them very tame—so tame that they would come at her call, and she used to feed them out of her hand. As she grew old her name changed from Mrs. Cary to Mother Carey. And the sailors believing this story, gave them the name of Mother Carey's Chickens.

It is related that when Beecher was in the country last summer he lost his hat, and found it in about a week in the barn where he had left it, but with four eggs in it. Beecher had just written a eulogy on the hen; why shouldn't the Hen-reward Beecher?—*Advertiser*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Your valuable paper reaches us regularly each month, and always finds interested readers. I send you this time a subscriber who is a little out of the common course.

The name is Dan Stetson.

Dan, or rather Dandy, which is the real name, is a handsome and peculiarly interesting black and white kitten, of whom it may be said, none know him but to love him. Though so lovable, he has his own decided tastes and ways, one of which has been to go to the house of a neighbor, and there take up his abode for the summer, and it would be difficult to decide in which of his two homes he is most petted and loved. The enclosed dollar was given Dan, for the purpose of settling his board bill, but he prefers, with the advice and consent of all parties concerned, to subscribe for your paper, thus becoming better acquainted with the measures that are being taken for the benefit of his race, as well as other races. We think it will require no unreasonable stretch of the imagination to see the dignified little Dandy sitting each month listening to the reading of the paper. Indeed he may in time contribute articles for its columns, as he can already make his mark, and having five claws upon his expert little paw, he will probably do it much as the farmer, who described his own dancing, was not sure he should be very graceful, but would "promise to do it strong." Please send the October number and the receipt to his address. L.

CHECK-REINS.—My horse has been unwilling when tied to stand for any length of time, and on some occasions continually threw up his head. I found his check-rein tighter than he could comfortably bear. Much to my relief, as well as to that of the horse, I find by loosening the rein, he will stand quietly during church time, and has ceased throwing up his head. Try it! Q.

AGAINST MUZZLING.—A Chicago paper calls on the authorities to diminish the number of dogs in that city, but adds, "Muzzling dogs in summer is an unnecessary and cruel precaution. A mad dog will divest himself of that preventive in about forty-five seconds, unless it be made of wrought iron." B.

OVERCROWDED COOPS.

As considerable inconvenience is experienced in Chicago, in disposing of live poultry, caused by the overcrowding of coops, the Illinois Humane Society has taken the matter in hand, and propose to prosecute all parties who may be found in possession of overcrowded coops in the future. The law makes the party liable to a fine of not less than fifty or more than one hundred dollars for each and every offence. The Society suggests that self-evident cruelty is daily practised by farmers and others in their shipments of poultry to the city of Chicago, by excessive crowding of poultry (too many in coop), and again by the total neglect of any provision for the watering of poultry. After consulting extensive dealers, they recommend the following as the most suitable and profitable size of chicken and duck coop, namely, 4 feet long, 2 feet wide, and one foot high, which size should not receive more than 2 dozen chickens or ducks, which is 3 to a square foot. Coops 2 feet by 4 should not contain of geese or turkeys more than 12, because double the size of ordinary chickens. Coops for the transportation of geese or turkeys should be 16 inches high in place of 12. All the above coops can be made of 4 feet lath without waste of material. A small rope handle at each corner of the coop, will greatly assist in the transportation and the handling. A cheap provision for watering fowls would be, to permanently attach by wire a pint tin or zinc cup on the inside at each corner (4 to a coop), which will return to the shipper when the coop is returned. By such an arrangement any person on the road, or at destination, can very conveniently water the fowls, which will save life, property, and also much suffering.

JOSH. BILLINGS says: I don't reckoleckt now ov ever hearing ov two dogs fighting, unless thare was a man or two standing around.

Children's Department.

SMALL HANDS DOING AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

Small Hands can do a Kind Act.

A stray horse and donkey had been placed in the cattle pound by the policeman, and the poor animals had, I fear, been cruelly left there for hours without food. They were evidently very hungry, and in vain stretched out their heads to try and nibble some of the grass outside the bars.

A group of merry little children on their way from school passed, when one of them, evidently well trained at home and at school to be kind, called out, "Let us give the poor things some grass."

"Yes! yes! we will," was the joyful response, and in a few moments handfuls of fine long grass were held out to the hungry horse and donkey, who evidently enjoyed their repast, and by their nodding heads seemed to return their hearty thanks.

I have noticed in life that when children are kind to animals, they are, as a rule, kind and considerate to human beings; but cruel children usually grow up to be disobedient and wicked.—From the "Children's Friend," published by S. W. Partridge, London, and for sale by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Bob Ryan and Dandy.

"Never make an enemy even of a dog," said I to Bobby Ryan as I caught at his raised hand and tried to prevent him from throwing a stick at our neighbor Howard's great Newfoundland. But my words and effort came too late. Over the fence flew the stick, and whack on Dandy's nose it fell. Now Dandy, a great, powerful fellow, was very good-natured, but this proved a little too much for him. He sprang up with an angry growl, and bounded over the fence as if he had been as light as a bird, caught Bobby Ryan by the arm and held him tightly enough to let his teeth be felt.

"Dandy, Dandy," I cried in momentary alarm, "let go. Don't bite him." The dog lifted his dark brown, angry eyes to mine with a look of intelligence, and I understood what they said: "I only want to frighten the young rascal."

And Bobby was frightened. Dandy held him for a little while, growling savagely, though there was a good deal of make-believe in the growl, and then tossing the arm away, leaped back over the fence and laid himself down by his kennel.

"You're a very foolish boy, Bobby Ryan," said I, "to pick a quarrel with such a splendid old fellow as that. Suppose you were to fall into the lake some day, and Dandy happened to be near, and suppose he should remember your bad treatment and refuse to go in after you?"

"Wouldn't care," replied Bobby, "I can swim."

Now it happened only a week afterward that Bobby was out on the lake, in company with an older boy, and that in some way their boat was upset in deep water, not far from the shore; and it also happened that Mr. Howard and his dog Dandy were near by and saw the two boys struggling in the water.

Quick as thought Dandy sprang into the lake and swam rapidly toward Bobby; but strange to say, after



getting close to the lad, he turned and went toward the larger boy, who was struggling in the water, and keeping his head above the surface with difficulty. Seizing him, Dandy brought him safely to the shore. He then turned and looked toward Bobby, his young tormentor; he had a good many grudges against him, and for some moments seemed hesitating whether to save him or let him drown.

"Quick, Dandy!" cried his master, pointing to poor Bobby, who was trying his best to keep afloat. He was not the brave swimmer he had thought himself.

At this the noble old dog bounded again into the water and brought Bobby to land. He did not seem to have much heart in his work, however, for he dropped the boy as soon as he reached the shore, and walked away with a stately, indifferent air.

But Bobby, grateful for his rescue, and repenting his former unkindness, made up with Dandy on that very day, and they were ever afterward fast friends. He came very near losing his life through unkindness to a dog, and the lesson it gave him will not soon be forgotten.—*Children's Hour.*

The Swearing Parrot.

Two friendly neighbors bought, each of them, a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of grave deport-

ment, who had been taught to speak very proper words. That of Mrs. B. was an impious fellow, for his language abounded in bad words. Now, Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irreverent talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the grave parrot to pay a visit to the swearer, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. The two birds stayed together for about a month; but imagine the consternation of good Mrs. A., on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing terribly. The fact is, that, instead of teaching he has been learning, and from that sad day his language was as bad as that of his scapegrace associate.

Let all our scholars learn from this that although they have never been guilty of profaneness, nor of speaking foul and unclean words, yet if they keep company with wicked boys who delight in swearing, they will soon be likely to indulge in profane language, for "evil communications corrupt good manners"—*D. Nash.*

Sad Sequel to a Sad Little Story.

About a month ago we published a curious and sad little story of the strong attachment existing between a mocking bird and its mistress, and showing to what degree human affection and power can be exercised over the animal creation. A young lady, Miss Mansfield, in Scottville, Kentucky, had, on her death-bed, commanded her little feathered companion to cease his song, as in the restlessness of the sick-bed, even his gentle warblings seemed to annoy her. After her death, which took place next day, the bird was prized as a friend and pet of the loved one whom death had called away, and many efforts were made to induce him to pour forth his melody as a sweet reminder of its lovely mistress; but all efforts were unavailing, and nothing but her voice, now stilled forever, would break the spell. Day after day passed, and still silence, prolonged and unbroken, held the bird in its thrall. Refusing all food, it pined away, and, after a short time died. This is a true story, and as it was told to us. Who can tell what was the mysterious tie that bound that little chorister of the forest to its dead mistress?—*Nashville Banner.*

A little girl in Indiana, on Decoration Day, strewed flowers on the grave of a Confederate soldier. A little friend reminded her that it was a rebel's grave. She replied, "Yes, I know it, but papa was a soldier, and died in Libby Prison, and was buried down South; I so much hope some little girl there will strew flowers on his grave, I thought I would bring these and put them on the rebel's grave, for maybe some of them have little girls at home."

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

A LOVING heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
A BOVINE'S LETTER.

RESPECTED EDITOR:—As you have received very kindly several letters from horses, I thought you would perhaps be willing to print one from me. To be sure, I am only a cow, but cows have their feelings as much as others, and a good deal more than some. The fact is, we are remarkably affectionate creatures, as any one will notice who takes the trouble to observe our ways. Haven't you seen us standing close together in the pasture? Lying down together, or licking each other by the hour? Why, I knew a cow in our neighborhood that had an intimate friend, and when that friend was sold away from her, her milk failed, she grew ill, and nearly died of grief. How many horses care for each other like that?

And just so it is with our calves. I don't say that when we lose them young, we remember them so long, but the feeling is very strong while it lasts, and all I say is that our masters ought to make our trouble as light as they well can.

Now I name no names, but I do think it pretty hard for any mother to be started off and driven five or six miles, when her calf is a day or two old. I was treated so myself once, and when we reached the drove yard, my calf was nearly dead, and I was nearly wild. Pretty beef I should have made, if beef had been their object. And for that matter, pretty veal that poor baby calf made, slaughtered almost at its birth, and beforehand bled till it had to be held up, then put in a stall to partially recover, and then bled again, and all to make its meat white enough for dainty folks to eat.

Now I say no more, but I do wish some kind gentleman or lady would think of the matter, and consider whether it is possible for any one to be a Christian, no matter how much he goes to church, unless he act a Christian part toward the helpless creatures in his power. Yours respectfully, SUKEY,

By her next friend, ELIZA S. TURNER.

HORSES AT MUSTER.

I remember something about horses. I have seen them in many places: the horses that came back from Lyon's great fight in Missouri, where I first saw what cavalry was when work was about, and how differently men and horses, who had done it, looked from the Lancers at Commencement, or the prancers of picture-books; and I have seen the horses that did the raids, and made the marches, and dragged the artillery, and bore the generals; horses that had marched to the sea with Sherman; horses that were fit to go into the great immortality of history, and many of them outdid the horse of the great errant knight in the articles of skin and bones. But then they were horses that had done it—had borne men to glory; had helped in the great war; the slave was indebted to them; our homes, our laws, the triumph of the right, were indebted to them; and without them there would have been no home, no triumph, no right for us. They were sorry-looking; the great service had told on them; they would not be singled out to carry beauty, or adorn a six-in-hand; but then they were horses that had done it,—the worst-looking rack of bones I had ever seen—worse than I could have conceived of had I not seen them; but then they were horses.

Well, we've had horseflesh this week, not a bit heroic or historic, but very sorry. The mount of the cavalry in the bony part, equalled the heroes of battle, but they had the subdued look of much plough and small ration and less currycomb, were better at draught than at drill. They didn't add to "the pomp and circumstance," however admirably they may have discharged their duties. They were thoroughly honest, respectable and to be respected horses, but they could not be improvised into chargers, and I'm tolerably sure they will be glad that muster is over.

But where did men get and how did they put together and how do they keep together these steeds that all day long drag these lumbering and overcrowded wagons, from the depots and all the towns about, when to drag themselves seems more than should be reasonably expected of them? I'm sure the horses are glad muster is over.—*Corr. Transcript.*

EVENING AT THE FARM.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadows lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing,

The early dews are falling—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Further, further over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dews are falling—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And off the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

A NEW WRINKLE IN HORSE TRAINING.—Professional horsemen in New York city will take a decayed and almost dying horse, and fix him so that for twelve or twenty-four hours he will pass for an animal of great spirit. Next to buying goods at a mock auction, the unsafest thing for a stranger to do is to buy a horse in the city. Everybody has heard of the attachment to the bit that so tortures an animal that he rears and plunges, and appears the prince of steppers in the park. But a German is making himself very celebrated for his ability to train coach-horses with a peculiarly proud gait. Their marvelous high stepping has attracted attention. But the secret was long locked up in the bosom of the trainer. It is now ascertained that he uses goggles which magnify. Small stones look like big ones. And the horse, in his efforts to surmount the supposed obstacles, get a grand tread.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows; little acts of kindness brighten the world.

Stable and Farm.

GREASING WHEELS.—Greasing buggies and wagons is of more importance than some people imagine. Many a wheel is ruined by oiling too plentifully. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear for ten to twenty years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of oil; but if this matter is not attended to, the wheel will be used up in five or six years, or may be sooner. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Castor oil is a good material for use on an iron axle; just oil enough should be applied to a spindle to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends and be forced by the shoulders and nut into the hub around outside the boxes. To oil an axletree, first wipe the spindles clean with a cloth wet with turpentine, if it won't wipe without it. On a buggy or carriage, wipe and clean off the back and front ends of the hubs, and then apply a very small quantity of castor oil, or some especially prepared lubricator near the shoulders and point.—*Scientific Press.*

OVERDONE.—My horses, when I look after and drive them myself, are always fat and in good health, and do as much as any others; and so it is with many a careful teamster or master. The reason is, they never "overdo" them. To exemplify this we will just suppose it necessary to drive a team, heavily loaded, two miles only, and that the roads are bad. One driver does the distance in three-quarters of an hour and the team is not distressed; another does it in ten minutes or quarter of an hour less, never breathing his horses, tearing along the whole way, and the team reaches the end blowing and sweating profusely, and very probably quivering at the shoulder and flank—in short, "over-done," and only a few minutes saved—all of which time, and more, is consumed in recuperation, and much more mischief done than could be undone with a week's care.—*N. E. Farmer.*

NAIL IN THE FOOT.—We give the following for what it is worth:—"To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of a man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, and confine with a bandage. They cure as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary, but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and horse in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having lockjaw."

LIGHT HARNESS.—Farm work during the hot summer months requires only the lightest harness. Wooden collars are now used, with great comfort to the horse. In the cities the harness worn by street railroad horses is as scant as is consistent with the work they have to perform. No breeching is used, and hip-straps are dispensed with. Teams may often be seen ploughing in the hot days of July and August, in the same harness they wore during the winter. This is unnecessary; nay, sometimes it amounts to positive cruelty. Remove every superfluous strap, take away the back-strap and crupper band, and let the air circulate freely around the body. At night, when work is over, wash the sweat and dust from the legs and thighs of the horse; a dash of water on his flanks would be grateful to him. Let his stable be airy and clean, with a bed of clean straw. Kindness to these serviceable animals is the truest economy. Besides, we feel better when our horses are made comfortable; the sensation is akin to that derived from the doing of a benevolent action. A sensitive man cannot see a horse sweating under and galled by a heavy harness during the intense heat of a summer's day, without sympathy and pity, nor can he retire to rest with an easy conscience knowing that his faithful servants in the stable are improperly cared for and suffering. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

THOSE who tell you of others' faults will make themselves as free to others of your own.

NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 1871.

Editor of Our Dumb Animals:

Though Jersey seldom takes the lead in any great enterprise, yet she is sure to follow in every "good word and work."

Notwithstanding there has been a law existing in this State for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for several years past, and a society organized in Newark, it has been to all intents and purposes, a dead letter.

During this spring there were several paragraphs, editorial and otherwise, published in the "Evening Journal," calling the attention of citizens to the great necessity of action in this direction. The numerous cases of cruelty coming from New York; those occurring in our own streets, slaughter-houses, and railroad cars; and those on the canal which here empties the coal from the mines of Pennsylvania into the docks and ships upon the banks of the Hudson; and the dog fights, rat killing, and pigeon shooting that come here to evade the law in New York; these were among the most prominent reasons for a local society, and local action.

A meeting was called at St John's Hall. Many of our most influential citizens attended, and announced their sympathy for, and willingness to support any movement that might be made for the establishment of a district or county society. At this preliminary meeting, officers were appointed, and the necessary steps taken to form a permanent organization.

The law was found to be very defective, and, that we could only act as individual agents, under the authority of the State society, yet this gave our men all they really needed to make arrests, &c., but there was no way to collect the fine, only by suing the culprit in a plea for debt, or binding him over to appear before the grand jury for the "misdemeanor." However we will have this all corrected the coming winter.

After several preliminary meetings, a code of by-laws was adopted, permanent officers elected, and the wheels set in motion in perfect order on the first of August. Since that time several arrests and convictions have been made, the fines being paid; more than fifty sore, lame or disabled horses, turned out, and numerous other instances of cruelty stopped or prevented. We are appointing good and careful agents in all parts of the county, who are vigilant and faithful.

We think we have the sympathy of all right-minded men and women, and only need more members, more money, and more agents, to make it a lasting blessing, and a perfect success.

We have numerous calls from other parts of the State to "come over and help us," or, in other words, to come and teach them how to form organizations like ours, and although we are not the "Parent Society," we render them all the aid we can, and trust that ere another summer there will be established in every county and large city of the State, a district society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

We admit several classes of members, and the ladies are by no means left out. We have no initiation fee, but the annual dues are two dollars and fifty cents, payable by all, except corresponding and honorary members.

I trust you will hear from time to time a good report from Jersey.

The following are the permanent officers for 1871: President, J. J. Youlin; 1st Vice-President, L. J. Gordon; 2d Vice-Pres., Stephen Quaife; Secretary, Wm. Muirheid; Asst. Sec'y, Cornelius S. See; Treasurer, D. McLeod; Counsel, J. F. McGee; Executive Committee, N. R. Fowler, C. C. Potter, Z. K. Pangborn, Wm. B. Rankin, David W. Meeker, Smith Mead, D. S. Gregory, Jr., Theodore Ryerson, John Townsend. Y.

LORD CHESTERFIELD says: For my own part I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred.

VERMONT.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Policeman Burgess arrested two Frenchmen Sunday for intoxication and cruelty to their horse, which consisted in beating and fast driving. Justice Farnsworth did not let them go until they had become wiser, one to the tune of about \$30, and the other about \$18. Thanks, at last, that somebody will protect the poor dumb animals.—*St. Albans Transcript.*

We, too, are thankful that somebody believes that animals need protection in Vermont. Let petitions for a better law be circulated, to be presented to the next legislature.

CHICAGO.

HOG TORTURERS FINED.—The Illinois Humane Society recently brought the proprietors of what is called a "second-class" slaughter-house, before Justice D'Wolf on the charge of unnecessary cruelty to animals.

Patrick Clark, testified that before killing, the hogs are raised into a pen seven or eight feet high; the well ones are driven up; the lame ones are hoisted up by steam; to hoist them up, a hook is inserted into the hog's lower jaw, and his head butts against a trap-door and opens it; the lame hogs have their bones broken and are otherwise crushed and mangled in the cars.

Patrick Heffron testified that, once in a while the hook breaks through the jaw and sticks out through the skin; it is sometimes five minutes before the hog is knocked in the head after having been hauled up by the jaw; sometimes the hook slips and pulls out; sometimes the hog was knocked in the head before the throat was cut, and sometimes not; the hog could not be just as well knocked in the head before being hauled up, for it is easier to handle a hog with a little life in him.

Mr. C. Beck, a witness for the defence, testified that, "it is better for de hog what he be hoist of de chaw as of de leg; such a hogs as was gripped couldn't got up no oder way; when dey got de hog up dey shofe him along by the ears shoost so careful what they can."

The parties were fined \$50 each.

WILLIAM M. DE CAMP was appointed special policeman for the Illinois Humane Society, with power to make arrests for violation of the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

BUFFALO SOCIETY.—The report of the Buffalo Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, shows that from May 18 to August 18 inclusive, the whole number of preventions was 844. Of these 415 cases were horses and mules overloaded. One case is reported where a horse was driven to death, and 267 cases of overloading and beating dogs. For cruelty carrying calves and lambs with legs tied and without food, 150 cases are reported.

Eight cases are also mentioned where cows are confined in old leaky hovels without proper care, and the report goes on to say, "This does not include the great number of hovels in this city that are overcrowded with cows, so that it is almost impossible for them to lie down, and are fed on swill and slops and every conceivable thing that is unwholesome and unhealthy to the animal, making the milk, too, poison for use."—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

SHOOTING ROBINS.—Thomas Flynn of Cambridgeport, was arrested in Longwood, Brookline, recently by officer Gross, while engaged in shooting robins, and being brought before Trial Justice Drew, was fined \$20 and costs for the two birds he had killed.

The conversion of Paul started from a higher point than some men reach throughout their lives. He did not begin with the inquiry, "Lord, wilt thou save me?" but, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

PERHAPS it would be dangerous for us to possess the abilities we covet; it is always safe to consecrate those we have.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

This Society held their annual meeting July 15. The indefatigable Secretary, Capt. W. P. Scott, whose irrepressible interest in behalf of the brute creation fully entitles him to the name of the Bergh of the Pacific coast, submitted his Annual Report, from which we extract the following: "My attention has been frequently called to the cruel manner in which calves are tied by the legs when brought to market for sale. I have on several occasions expostulated with the owners, who have promised to abate the practice. During the year there has been seventeen arrests for cruelty to animals, of which six were convicted and fined, and eleven cases were dismissed. The officers of the Society have been vigilant in the performance of their duty, which accounts for the paucity of arrests, they considering that advice is better than prosecution. Seven disabled horses, two heifers and a wild bull, have been shot by request of the owners, and five strayed horses have been cared for until claimed. I would here mention the fact that it has been the habit of owners of stores, when trapping rats, to saturate them with coal-oil and enjoy the agonies of the dying vermin with exquisite delight. I had two of these cases brought before the Police Judge, who, taking a view of the matter as unnecessarily cruel, fined the first \$5 and the second \$100. The man that was fined \$100 carried his case on appeal to the County Court, when the judgment of the lower Court was reversed and the appellants allowed to go free. This practice, apart from its lessons to the rising generation, is fraught with danger, two cases of fire having occurred in the city from burning rats seeking shelter under houses where shavings or straw had been deposited. It is with regret that I have to mention the decrease of the members of the Society, but it is doubtless owing to the pressure of the times. There are but thirty-nine members in good standing, which number could doubtless be doubled by the strenuous endeavors of the patrons of the Society.

Officers elected: President, Henry Gibbons, M. D.; Vice-President, Robert B. Swain; Treasurer, James B. Hutchinson; Recording Secretary, William P. Scott; Corresponding Secretary, Joseph A. Woodson; Trustees: Henry Gibbons, M. D., Charles Sonntag, J. W. Stow, J. S. Hutchinson, Samuel A. Woodson, Robert B. Swain, Aug. Helbing, Frank G. Edwards, W. A. Woodward, Alpheus Bull, J. B. Roberts, Ira P. Rankin, William P. Scott, M. J. O'Connor, Jacob Z. Davis.—*Industrial Reformer.*

NEW JERSEY.

A TRIUMPH FOR THE S. P. C. A.—On the 21st of August last, Mr. Onslow, one of the agents of the S. P. C. A., found a man named Wm. Schearen driving a mule with a gall on each side of his breast. Schearen was driving for a party who had hired a canal boat from the Morris Canal Company. Onslow arrested the cruel fellow and took him before Justice Cutter. The case was postponed, as the Morris Canal Company had an idea of contesting the right of arrest under the law. Last evening the case came up again before Justice Cutter, and the prisoner came into court and plead guilty, and was fined \$10 and costs. The Canal Company, after diligent inquiry, have found out that the law that prevents cruelty to animals is amply strong enough to reach even as rich a stock company as their own, and have made the plea of guilty. The agents for the society have been so active of late, that it is impossible to get any of those driving horses on the canal to come within the city limits with a horse, with the slightest sore on any part of his body, so fearful are they of being hauled up and fined.

All the canal horses have been withdrawn from the stables of Wheeler and Kelly, in this city, except those belonging to them individually, and the horses are now kept at Newark. The owners don't like to let them come within reach of the Jersey City agents of the S. P. C. A.

MANY a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

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